THE LION AND THE MOUSE.

By CHARLES KLEIN.

A Story of American Life Novelized From the Play by ARTHUR HORNBLOW.

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CHAPTER IV.

THE library was the most imposing room in the Ryder mansion, for it was there that the financier carried through his most important business deals, and its walls were those which saw most of the men he met. But John Ryder loved to be seated. There would be no rest for any man who had a thousand millions of dollars to take care of.

Here the "money Moloch" held court. Here, with much ceremony and much secrecy, and having for his captives some of the most prominent men in the political and industrial life of the nation—corrupt senators, grafting congressmen, ambitious railroad presidents, insolent coal barons who impudently claimed they administered the coal lands in trust for the Almighty, unscrupulous princes of finance and commerce, all visited this room to receive orders or pay from the head of the "system." Here were made and unmade governors of states, mayors of cities, judges, heads of police, cabinet ministers, even presidents. Here were turned over to confidential agents millions of dollars to overturn the people's vote in the national elections. Here were distributed yearly hundreds of thousands of dollars to grafters, large and small, who had earned it in the service of the "interests."

Here secretly and unlawfully the heads of railroads met to agree on rates which by discriminating against one locality in favor of another crushed out competition, raised the cost to the consumer and put millions in the pockets of the trust. Here were planned tricky financial operations with deliberate intent to mislead and deceive the investing public, operations which would send stocks soaring one day, only a week later to put Wall street on the verge of panic. Half a dozen suicides might result from the coup, but twice as many millions of profits had gone into the coffers of the "system." Here, too, was perpetrated the most heinous crime that can be committed against a free people—the conspiring of the trusts, abetted by the railroads, to arbitrarily raise the prices of the necessaries of life—meat, coal, oil, ice, gas—wholly without other justification than that of greed, which with these men was the unconquerable, all absorbing passion. In short, everything that unscrupulous leaders of organized capital could devise to squeeze the life blood out of the patient, defenseless toiler was done within these four walls.

When Jefferson entered, his father was seated at his desk, a long black cigar between his lips, giving instructions to Mr. Bagley. Mr. Ryder looked up quickly as the door opened, and the secretary made a movement forward as if to eject the intruder, no matter who he might be. They were not accustomed to having people enter the sanctum of the Colossus so unceremoniously. But when he saw who it was Mr. Ryder's stern, set face relaxed, and he greeted his son amiably.

"Why, Jeff, my boy, is that you? Just a moment until I get rid of Bagley, and I'll be with you."

Jefferson turned to the bookshelves and ran over the titles while the financier continued his business with the secretary.

"Now, Bagley, come, quick! What is it?"

He spoke in a rapid, explosive manner, like a man who has only a few moments to spare before he must rush to catch a train. John Ryder had been catching trains all his life, and he had seldom missed one.

"Governor Rice called. He wants an appointment," said Mr. Bagley, holding out a card.

"I can't see him. Tell him so," came the answer quick as a flash. "Who else?" he demanded. "Where's your list?"

Mr. Bagley took from the desk a list of names and read them over.

"General Abbey telephoned. He says you promised"—

"Yes, yes," interrupted Ryder impatiently, "but not here. Down town, tomorrow, any time. Next?"

The secretary jotted down a note against each name and then said:

"There are some people downstairs in the reception room. They are here by appointment."

"The national committee and Sergeant Ellison of the secret service from Washington," replied Mr. Bagley.

"Who was here first?" demanded the financier.

"Sergeant Ellison, sir."

"Then I'll see him first and the committee afterward, but let them all wait until I ring. I wish to speak with my son."

He waved his hand, and the secretary, knowing well from experience that this was a sign that there must be no further discussion, bowed respectfully and left the room. Jefferson turned and advanced toward his father, who held out his hand.

"Well, Jefferson," he said kindly, "did you have a good time abroad?"

"Yes, sir, thank you. Such a trip is a liberal education in itself."

"Ready for work again, eh? I'm glad you're back, Jefferson. I'm busy now, but one of these days I want to have a serious talk with you in regard to your future. This artist business is all very well for a pastime, but it's not a career—surely you can appreciate that—for a young man with such prospects as yours. Have you ever stopped to think of that?"

Jefferson was silent. He did not want to displease his father. On the other hand, it was impossible to let things drift as they had been doing. There must be an understanding sooner or later. Why not now?

"The truth is, sir," he began timidly, "I'd like a little talk with you now if you can spare the time."

Ryder senior looked first at his watch and then at his son, who, ill at ease, sat nervously on the extreme edge of a chair. Then he said, with a smile:

"Well, my boy, to be perfectly frank, I can't—but—I will. Come, what is it?" Then, as if to apologize for his previous abruptness, he added: "I've had a very busy day, Jeff. What with Transcontinental and Transatlantic and Southern Pacific and Wall street and rate bills and Washington I feel like Atlas shouldering the world."

"The world wasn't intended for one pair of shoulders to carry, sir," rejoined Jefferson calmly.

His father looked at him in amazement. It was something new to hear a factory which turns out a ruble is counted, not a judge is appointed, not a legislator seated, not a president elected without my consent? I am the real ruler of the United States and the so called government at Washington is my puppet and this is my executive chamber. This power will be yours, my dear boy, but you must know how to use it when it comes."

"I never want it, father," said Jefferson firmly. "Do not your words give you pause at times?"

"Pause? Why should they? Why do you ask me such a question? I don't understand you. I couldn't handle this business if I stopped to think of such things. Why, you're talking like a—a—a—there, I'm ready to be named, at a pleasure of Congress, Washington."

Ryder senior laughed. He could not help it if his son was an idealist. There was no use getting angry, so he merely shrugged his shoulders and said:

"All right, Jeff. We'll discuss the matter later when you've cut your wisdom teeth. Just at present you're in the clouds. But you spoke of my doing you an injustice. How can any man of power do you an injustice?"

"Yes, sir," replied Jefferson, "you exert that power over your family as well as over your business associates. You think and will for everybody in the house, for everyone who comes in contact with you. Yours is an individuality which seems able to resist. You robbed me of my right to think. Ever since I was old enough to think you have thought for me; ever since I was old enough to choose you have chosen for me. You have chosen that I should marry Kate Roberts. That is the one thing I wished to speak to you about. The marriage is impossible."

Ryder senior half sprang from his seat.

"So," he said sternly, "this is your latest act of rebellion, is it? You are going to welsh on your word? You are going to jilt the girl?"

"I never gave my word," answered Jefferson hotly. "Nor did Kate understand that an engagement existed. You can't expect me to marry a girl I don't care a straw about. It would not be fair to her."

"Don't be a fool, Jeff. I don't want to think for you or to choose for you or to marry for you. I did not interfere when you threw up the position I made for you in the Trading company and took that studio. I realized that you were restless under the harness, so I gave you plenty of rein. But I know so much better than you what is best for you. Believe me I do. Don't—don't be obstinate. This marriage means a great deal to my interests—to your interests. Kate's father is all powerful in the senate. He'll never forgive this disappointment. Hang it all, you liked the girl once, and I made sure that"

He stopped suddenly, and the expression on his face changed as a new light dawned upon him.

"It isn't that Rossmore girl, is it?" he demanded. His face grew dark, and his jaw clicked as he said between his teeth: "I told you some time ago how I felt about her. If I thought that it was Rossmore's daughter! You know what's going to happen to him, don't you?"

This appealed to Jefferson thought this was the most favorable opportunity he would have to redeem his promise to Shirley. So, little anticipating the tempest he was about to unchain, he answered:

"I am familiar with the charges that they have trumped up against him. Needless to say, I consider him entirely innocent. What's more, I firmly believe he is the victim of a contemptible conspiracy. And I'm going to make it my business to find out who the plotters are. I came to ask you to help me. Will you?"

"I will see him hanged first! He has always opposed me. He has always defied my power, and now his daughter has entrapped my son. So it's her you want to go to, eh? Well, I can't make you marry a girl you don't want, but I can prevent you throwing yourself away on the daughter of a man who is about to be publicly disgraced, and I will."

"Poor old Rossmore!" said Jefferson bitterly. "If the history of every financial transaction were made known, how many of us would escape public disgrace? Would you?" he cried.

Ryder senior rose, his hands working dangerously. He made a movement as if about to advance on his son, but by a supreme effort he controlled himself.

"No, upon my word, it's no use disinheriting you. You wouldn't care. I think you'd be glad—on my soul, I do!" Then, calming down once more, he added: "Jefferson, give me your word of honor that your object in going away is not to find out this girl and marry her unknown to me. I don't mind your losing your heart, but don't lose your head. Give me your hand on it."

Jefferson reluctantly held out his hand.

"If I thought that you would marry that girl unknown to me I'd have Rossmore sent out of the country, and the woman too. Listen, boy. This man is my enemy, and I show no mercy to my enemies. There are more reasons than one why you cannot marry Miss Rossmore. If she knew one of them she would not marry you."

"What reasons?" demanded Jefferson.

"The principal one," said Ryder slowly and deliberately, and eying his son keenly as if to judge of the effect of his words, "the principal one is that it was through my agents that the demand was made for her father's impeachment."

"Ah," cried Jefferson, "then I guessed aright!"

"Marry Kate or not, as you please, but I want you to stay here," the elder man said after a pause.

"It's no use. My mind is made up," answered Jefferson decisively.

The telephone rang, and Jefferson got up to go. Mr. Ryder took up the receiver.

"Hallo! What's that? Sergeant Ellison? Yes, send him up."

Putting the telephone down, Ryder senior rose and, crossing the room, accompanied his son to the door.

"Think it well over, Jeff. Don't be hasty."

A few minutes later Jefferson left the house.

The door opened and Mr. Bagley entered, followed by a tall, powerfully built man, whose robust physique and cheap looking clothes contrasted strangely with the delicate ultrafashionably attired English secretary.

"Take a seat, sergeant," said Mr. Ryder cordially, motioning his visitor to a chair. The man sat down gingerly on one of the rich leather upholstered chairs. His manner was nervous and awkward, as if intimidated in the presence of the financier.

"Are the national committee still waiting?" demanded Mr. Ryder.

"Yes, sir," replied the secretary.

"I'll see them in a few minutes. Leave me with Sergeant Ellison."

Mr. Bagley bowed and retired.

Ryder, with his customary bluntness, came right down to business.

"Well, what have you been doing about the book?" he demanded. "Have you found the American Octopus?"

"Yes, sir, I have got. I confess I'm baffled. I've never had a case like this before. Everything that I'm doing seems to be wrong."

"What's that?" demanded Ryder, astonished.

"That I'm such a poor detective. Giddy, giddy, giddy! I'm—I'm—then you think I'm a poor detective?"

"Yes, sir."

"And what do you think is the reason for your failure, Jeff?"

"Well, you see, the book deals with a big subject. It takes me out of my depth, and I'm not enough of a hustler, and—and—I don't feel a little the right of handling it under his or her roof."

"And a good reason, too," said Mr. Ryder. Then he added: "I'll make no allusion to your failure to find out who it is. I could without even this present a check for $250 to anyone who wrote it. Whoever it is, knows the ins and outs of the affair. We need to find the author."

"The author is of no consequence. The book was stolen from me."

"Stolen! Why, man, if you want to reach the author, let it will be useful only in the event of his being willing to be known and come out like the open. Suppose you write to him in care of the publishers. They would certainly forward the letter to wherever the man may be. If he does not want you to know who he is, he will ignore your letter and remain in the background. If, on the contrary, he has no fear of you and is willing to meet you, he will answer the letter."

"Ah, I never thought of that!" exclaimed Ryder. "It's a good idea. I'll write one in a letter at once. It shall go to-night."

He unhooked the telephone and asked Mr. Bagley to come up. A few seconds later the secretary entered the room.

"Bagley," said Mr. Ryder, "I want you to write a letter for me to Miss Shirley Green, author of that book 'The American Octopus.' We shall address it care of her publishers, Little, Brown & Co. Just say that if convenient I should like a personal interview with her at my office, 26 Broadway, in relation to her book, 'The American Octopus.' Say that it touches vital interests, and"

Mr. Bagley bowed and retired. Mr. Ryder turned to the secret service agent.

"There, that's settled. We'll see how it works. And now, sergeant, I have another job for you, and if you are faithful to my interests you will not find me unappreciative. Do you know a little place on Long Island called Massapequa?"

"Yes," grinned the detective, "I know it. They've got some fine specimens of 'skeeters' there."

Paying no attention to this jocularity, Mr. Ryder continued:

"Judge Rossmore is living there pending the outcome of his case in the senate. His daughter has just arrived

"Here is $50 for you."

from Europe. My son Jefferson came home on the same ship. They are a little more friendly than I care to have them. You understand. I want to know if my son visits the Rossmores, and if he does I wish to be kept informed of all that's going on. You understand?"

"Perfectly, sir. You shall know everything."

Mr. Ryder took a blank check from his desk and proceeded to fill it up; then, handing it to the detective, he said:

"Here is $50 for you. Spare neither trouble nor expense."

"Thank you, sir," said the man as he pocketed the money. "Leave it to me."

"That's about all, I think. Regarding the other matter, we'll see how the letter works."

He touched a bell and rose, which was a signal to the visitor that the interview was at an end. Mr. Bagley entered.

"Sergeant Ellison is going," said Mr. Ryder. "Have him shown out and send the national committee up."

To Be Continued.

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A FINANCIAL GENIUS.

[illegible] Western [illegible] to his cozy [illegible] the room.

"Bagley, sir," said the caller, [illegible] and sitting down in another chair, "but you are the president of this bank, are you not?"

"How did you get in here?"

"I was told by one of your subordinates that I would find you here, and"—

"Who the devil are you?"

"My name is Glaspy. I am an inventor of"—

"What do you want?"

"Nothing, sir, if my presence is objectionable. My object in calling was to arrange for the depositing of a sum of money."

"The cashier attends to all that."

"I know it, but the amount is so large that I was sure he would refer me to you, and I thought it best to come straight to headquarters."

"How large is the amount?"

"One million dollars."

"In cash?"

"In cash. I may add that it is the outcome of a financial scheme which even the president of a great bank may well consider"—

"But the money—is it in such shape that you are ready to deposit it?"

"No, sir. As I was about to explain, the money will not be available until certain carefully considered plans mature, but it will be in cold cash when I"—

"Is it contingent on a business scheme?"

"Yes, sir; it is. But the scheme rests on business principles as solid as Gibraltar and as broad as the Rocky mountains. It is contingent upon the success of two great inventions—namely, Glaspy's celebrated shaving compound and Glaspy's football discourager, an absolutely unique device which I shall explain to you presently. In order to exploit these two inventions properly I need the sum of $250, treasury notes preferred, to be regarded as a loan until the returns begin to"—

The president pushed a knob on the side of his desk, and a husky uniformed bouncer instantly appeared.

"William," roared the official head of the Western Hemisphere bank, "take this man out and fall on him!"—Chicago Tribune.

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"A remedy which invariably acts as a uterine invigorator and always favors a condition which makes for normal activity of the entire system, cannot fail to be of great usefulness and of the utmost importance to the general practitioner of medicine. In Helonias we have a medicament which most fully answers the above purposes *than any other drug with which I am acquainted.* In the treatment of diseases peculiar to women it is seldom that a case is seen which does not present some indication for this remedial agent."

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The foregoing are only a few brief extracts taken from among the volumes of endorsement which the most eminent medical writers have given the ingredients entering into Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription.

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NOTICE.

IN the Superior Court of the State of Washington in and for the county of Thurston.

In re the guardianship of Cora O. Wynn, a mentally incompetent person.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned M. H. Wynn, guardian of the above entitled estate, having first settled his accounts, hereby gives notice that he has filed his resignation of his guardianship herein and gives notice that he will bring the same on for hearing on the 9th day of December, 1908, in the Court room of the Superior Court of Thurston County, Washington, at the hour of 10 o'clock a. m.

M. H. WYNN,
Guardian of Cora O. Wynn, a mentally incompetent person.

Dated first publication, Oct. 23, 1908. 5t.

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IN the Superior Court of the State of Washington, in and for the County of Thurston.

In re the guardianship of Bradley Dodge, Glenn R. Dodge, Milton Dodge and Dean Dodge, minors.

On reading the petition of Ada L. Dodge, guardian of the above named minors for leave to sell the following described property to-wit:

That lot or parcel of land commencing at the southwest corner of the half-block No. 2 in the town of Centralia County of Lewis, State of Washington, and running in an easterly direction along the south line of the said half-block a distance of 0 feet; thence in a northerly direction parallel with the Northern Pacific Railway for a distance of 120 feet; thence in a westerly direction along the line between lots 2 and 3 a distance of 20 feet to the east line of west Front street; thence southerly along the east line of said West Front street a distance of 120 feet to the place of beginning. Also lots 6, 7 and 8 block 6, Martin's Addition to Elma, in Chehalis county, Washington; lots 3, 4, 5 and 6 block 4, of Wright's Central Addition to Olympia, in Thurston County, Washington; lots 17 and 18, block 15, Gate City, Thurston county, Washington; lot 21, block 15, Gate City, Thurston county, Washington, and lots 25 and 26, of block 18 of Gate City, in Thurston county, Washington, and the Court being duly advised now sets Saturday, the 14th day of November, 1908, at the hour of 10 o'clock a. m., and the court-room of the court house of Thurston county, as the time and place for hearing said petition.

And it is further ordered that this order shall be published for four successive weeks in the WASHINGTON STANDARD, a newspaper published weekly in the city of Olympia, prior to the said 14th day of November, 1908.

Dated this 10th day of October, 1908.

JOHN E. YAKEY,
Judge.

First publication, Oct. 16, 1908. 5t.

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